PICTURE of the TIMES.

A

POEM,

In which are delineated

The CHARACTERS of the most celebrated PERSONAGES in IRELAND, both in CHURCH and STATE.

ADDRESSED TO

DAVID RIBTON, Esq;

By Mr. LEWIS, Author of an Elegy on Dr. RICHARD CHALONER COBBE, &c. &c.

" Yes, I am proud, I must be proud, to see
" Men, not afraid of GOD, afraid of Me.
" Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
" Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone."

POPE.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

A PICTURE OF THE TIMES.

ORIBTON! worthy of each good Man's Praiſe,
To thee the Muſe her willing Duty pays;
With Joy ſhe pours her mean, but righteous Strain,
Nor at thy Worth her Lays can ſhe refrain;

Oh then awhile, from greater Things ſet free,
Vouchſafe to liſten, 'though I ſpeak of thee.

YET think not, RIBTON, that I ſhall rehearſe
Thy well-earnt Praiſe in my poor, feeble Verſe;
That at the Call of Worth the Muſes ſtand
O'erjoy'd, with ſacred Incenſe in their Hand,
Cull'd from PARNASSUS' Mount, or from their Grove,
To ſtrew on thoſe they reverence and love.

No, RIBTON. 'Though thou juſtly art eſteem'd
The Friend of ſacred Truth; and 'though thou'rt deem'd
A Man in Honour and in Conſcience clear,
Renown'd in Wiſdom, and of Soul ſincere;
A good Companion, and a faithful Friend,
And one who would thy Country's Cauſe defend;
'Gainſt helpleſs Mis'ry who'd not bar thy Door,
Nor ſhut thy Ears, or Purſe againſt the Poor;
Who'd ſcorn to merit Hate, or know Diſgrace,
Or ſell thy Honour for a Name or Place;

Whoſe

Whoſe free-born Spirit would not be a Slave
To ſome proud Peer, or ſome low, paltry Knave;
'Gainſt ſtern Oppreſſion who would boldly ſtand,
Nor be aſham'd to ſerve thy native Land;
To theſe great Virtues 'though I own thy Claim,
My Purpoſe now is not to praiſe, but blame.

WHAT could induce thee, at a Time like this,
When Vice bears Sway, and all Things go amiſs;
When venal Slaves, like Beeves, are bought and ſold,
And M——s, ſell their Conſciences for Gold;
When fond t'appear in ſome great Villain's Train,
And proud to wear their baſe yet gilded Chain;
When free-born Souls are kept in ſlaviſh Awe,
And ſtoop to ſerve ſome mere, mere Man of Straw;
When in the Smiles of Tools of Pow'r they baſk,
And take their Cues, as Schoolboys take their Taſk;
When on their Looks in dread Suſpenſe they hang,
They're led by thoſe, as Puppets by the Slang;

When

When Intereſt, not Worth, can gain a Place,
And to be great one muſt be mean and baſe;
When Patriots take in vain fair Freedom's Name,
And boaſt of Honour, 'though allied to Shame;
When Foes to Order, and to Virtue's Cauſe,
Bellow aloud for LIBERTY and LAWS;
When, falſe in Heart, nay, rotten to its Core,
They'd ſell their Country for a Graſp of Ore:——
What could induce thee, RIBTON, at a Time
When Vice prevails, and Virtue is a Crime;
When Gameſters lord it o'er a ſinking Land,
And deal Deſtruction with a lib'ral Hand;
When idiot Peers with idiot Stateſmen ſit,
And judge of Empires as they judge of Wit;
When a poor, bleeding Country lies oppreſs'd,
Her Wrongs not heard, or, if heard, not redreſs'd;
When countleſs Hardſhips force the Heart-felt Groan,
While hungry Harpies ſtrip her to the Bone;

When

When on her Vitals her own Baſtards feed,
Nor hear her Moanings, nor her Tortures heed:—
What could induce thee, RIBTON, at a Time
Like this ——what could thy honeſt Heart incline,
At ſuch a Period, and in ſuch a State,
(If ſuch there are) to be a CANDIDATE?

DOST thou, fond Man, hope Villains to reclaim?
Thy End is noble, worthy is thy Aim.
But ah! wert thou of ev'ry Gift poſſeſs'd,
Did each great Talent lodge within thy Breaſt;
Than all Mankind beſides couldſt thou do more,
And the Receſſes of the Soul explore;
Yet vain would be thy Tongue, in vain thy Pen,
For Villains can't be chang'd to honeſt Men.

BUT grant thou'rt favour'd to thy Heart's Deſire,
Grant thou haſt gain'd the Place thou doſt require;
Suppoſe thyſelf now ſitting in the H——,
The Victor's Wreath fair blooming on thy Brows;

All thoſe around with ſtrict Attention view;
Are they all wiſe? are all good Men and true?
Will all concur with thee in righteous Ends,
To love their Country, and to prove her Friends?
To treat with Scorn the Mandates from Above,
Though their Aſſent's requir'd by potent JOVE?
Will all refuſe to undertake a Job?
And all ſtand fearleſs of the great NABOB?

ALAS! not ſo. Far diff'rent is the Caſe:
One wants a Penſion, t'other wants a Place.
Hence, with the Stream they ſwim, and gladly run
To pay their Worſhip to th' enlivening Sun:
Hence, at their Patron's Beck, they move, they fly,
And nothing can be aſk'd which they'll deny.

"AND what more juſt?" cry they; "Why all this
"Pother?
"Does not one uſeful Turn deſerve another?
"We could not, if ungrateful, ſhew our Face;
"Forbid then, Heav'n! our Hearts ſhould be ſo baſe!"

YES,

Yes, yes; go on, my Friends; you're in the right;
Your Conduct's prudent, for ——— you profit by't.
Thus all the Hocus Pocus State-Work thrives,
For needs muſt he go whom the Devil drives.

And now, ſuppoſe ſome Subject of Debate,
Big with thy Country's, or with Europe's Fate,
Should be diſcuſs'd: 'Though all the Graces hung
On the ſweet Muſic of thy pleaſing Tongue;
'Though thy Heart join'd to give thy Words full Force,
They'd only be eſteem'd mere Words of courſe,
Or heard with cold Indifference alone,
Or, what's ſtill worſe, be anſwer'd with a Groan.
Nay, 'twould be well if, while thou charm'dſt the Ear,
And while bold Fancy was in full Career,
When Patriot Thoughts inſpir'd thy ſwelling Breaſt,
And on thy Brows while Terror ſtood confeſs'd;
Thy forceful Reas'ning ſhould not draw a Hum,
Or Peals of Laughter ſtrike the Reas'ner dumb.

Or, ſhould theſe fail of their deſir'd Effect,
And thou hadſt Power to treat them with Neglect,
And ſtill couldſt keep the Tenor of thy Speech,
(A ſelf-command few Orators can reach!)
Yet, think how much it would thy Spirits cow,
To hear Repeaters louder far than thou.

THINK'ST thou, O RIBTON, that theſe Fears are vain,
The mere Creation of the Poet's Brain?
Believe not ſo. They're Goſpel Truths I tell,
And ſuch as LUCAS can atteſt full well:
Such candid Treatment oft has been his Fate,
And thou mayſt too, perhaps, participate.

BUT ſhould thy Speech ſome few good Men admire,
Whoſe Breaſts, like thine, their Country's Rights inſpire,
Who wiſely plan, and ſteadily purſue
Thoſe Meaſures, which to Honour's Cauſe are due;
Alas! what boots it? ſince the venal Herd
Are not by Speeches from bad Acts deterr'd.

CEASE

Cease then thy Quixote Notions and Purſuits,
And if thou'rt choſen, wiſely join the Mutes:
To thoſe important Beings joyful go,
And, with them, only utter, Ay, or No.
Let Ay or No ſtill vibrate from thy Tongue,
For Ay or No by Poets ſhall be ſung:
With Ay or No the Rocks and Vales ſhall beat;
And Ay or No coy Echo ſhall repeat.
Heav'ns! what expreſſive Energy of Sound
In theſe two little Particles is found!

What! 'though Hibernia's Int'reſt is at Stake,
And Schemes are plann'd to make all *Gallia* quake;
'Though all the Webs of ſubtle Brains are ſpread,
And Freedom hangs ſuſpended by a Thread;
Still be thou mute, nor from this Precept go,
To ſpeak one ſingle Word, but Ay or No.

For ten long Years old Bubo grac'd the Houſe;
For ten long Years was mute as any Mouſe;

For

For ten long Years old BUBO ne'er was known
To ſteal another's Speech, or ſpeak his own:
Yet was old BUBO never thought a Fool,
A Paraſite, a Knave, or great Man's Tool.
His awkward Frame was of enormous Size,
And bloated Cheeks near hid his Ferret Eyes:
His Paunch was round, his Throat was choak'd with Fat,
And on the Bench of Juſtices he ſat.
Now 'though the Houſe ſtill ſtruck old BUBO dumb,
And, like Torpedoes, did his Limbs benumb,
Yet with his Brethren of the *Quorum*, ſtill
Old BUBO ſhew'd he'd Words and Wit at Will.
'Till now the World had been with BUBO bleſt,
Had not his Life been martyr'd to a Jeſt.

ONE Day as BUBO ſat—O fatal Day!
With wicked Wits to paſs his Time away,
(For e'en to ſuch he'd ſometimes condeſcend,
Would ſhare their Mirth, and to their Humour bend,)

A Tale

A Tale was told in Terms ſo droll and high,
As made him laugh and piſs with Ecſtaſy:
The Wit ne'er ceas'd—with Joy old BUBO cried—
A Coughing-Fit came on—he gaſp'd—and died.

THE *Samian* Sage heed thou: Thy Mouth ne'er ope,
To deal in Figure, or to ſhine in Trope.
Nay, ſhould Queen Dulneſs whiſper in thy Ear,
And bid thee ſpeak, yet ſtill, fond Man, forbear.
But if hot Zeal ſhould prompt thy willing Tongue,
And fierce Impatience urge thee headlong on,
To drag the Baſeneſs into open Day,
Of ſome weak, venal Miniſter in Play;
Or ſhould a pious, but officious Zeal,
Glow in thy Soul for poor IERNE's Weal,
And all the Wrongs with which ſhe is oppreſs'd,
Riſe to thy View, and heave thy aching Breaſt:
Juſt at the Moment, when each Sentence ſits
To burſt the Portals of thy eager Lips,

Reſtrain

Reſtrain thy Anger, and thy Ardour curb,
Nor let IERNE's Wrongs thy Soul diſturb:
Let Lady TOWNLEY's Method thee engage,
Give a great Gulp, and ſwallow down thy Rage.

THINK'ST thou theſe Precepts hard? retract that Thought,
And 'though thou'rt learn'd, yet ſtill, thou mayſt be taught.

Survey thoſe Men the World eſteems moſt wiſe,
Who drive a gainful Trade with Frauds and Lies;
Behold how dead they are to Honour's Call,
For if they're ſafe they care not what befall.
Let IRELAND ſink in Poverty and Woe,
And of the Dregs of Grief her Cup o'erflow,
Let Freedom periſh, and let Trade be loſt,
They care not, if it be not at their Coſt.

So too, be thou unmov'd at IRELAND's Fate,
And ſhare the Plunder of a ruin'd State;

Appear

Appear amongſt ſome NANON's venal Bands,
Nor 'gainſt his tempting Bribes e'er ſhut thy Hands;
Do all his dirty Jobs, betray thy Friends,
The Public rob, and ſerve thy private Ends;
Then in Preferment's Stream thou, pleas'd, ſhalt lave,
And ſpurn that Wretch who boaſts he's Virtue's Slave;
Then round thy Head ſhall Honour's Enſigns play,
And Happineſs with Roſes ſtrew thy Way;
Then round thy Head ſhall bloom eternal Bays,
And ſolid Penſions weigh up empty Praiſe.

By Arts like theſe, ſee Thouſands riſe to Fame,
Whom the Muſe knows, but whom ſhe dares not name.
By Arts like theſe, behold the Wiſe and Great
Wallow in Riches, and enjoy their State.
By Arts like theſe, they Fortune's Summit gain,
While Honour pants, and Virtue toils in vain.
By Arts like theſe, they roll in golden Tides,
As MUCIUS knows, and fifty more beſides.
By Arts like theſe, they're Men of wond'rous Note,
While Genius walks the Streets with thread-bare Coat.

QUIT then thy idle Dreams, thy Phantom Views,
And liſten to the Precepts of the Muſe.
The reſtleſs Fever of thy Soul ſubdue,
And ſolid Joys by ſolid Means purſue;
In Robes of State thou then mayſt hope to ſhine,
Whilſt Truth and Honour with Duke HUMPHRY dine.

THINK on POMPONIUS, whoſe perſuaſive Tongue
Of fair HIBERNIA's Weal and Glory rung;
Who in the Senate ſtill proclaim'd his Fears
Of fraudful Miniſters and venal Peers;
Who if his deareſt Country was but nam'd,
His patriot Soul with Ardour was inflam'd;
Who hated Tyrants, and their Schemes deſcried,
Expos'd their Cunning, and their Pow'r defy'd;
Who ſtill attack'd the Court with all his Might,
And blam'd their Meaſures, whether wrong or right;
Whoſe firm, intrepid Soul was ſtaunch and hearty
To IRELAND's Good, and to the Country Party;
Who gloried in his Scorn of K— and Court,
And hunted wicked Miniſters for Sport;

Who

Who ſwore he'd be their Foe, nor give them Breath,
Hate them through Life, nor e'en forgive in Death.
At length, to ſtop this brawling Member's Zeal,
Whoſe Tongue ſtill roar'd of fair HIBERNIA's Weal,
Whoſe Breaſt beat high in fair HIBERNIA's Cauſe,
And Pen was drawn for fair HIBERNIA's Laws,
A Scheme was plann'd: "Come, come, this ſure will fail,
" No more than Tubs thrown out t' amuſe a Whale:
" Some fancy Riches—ſome a pretty Girl—
" POMPONIUS Titles—he ſhall be an Earl."
POMPONIUS ſaw the wiſh'd-for Prize with Joy,
He ſnatch'd, he gain'd, he graſp'd the glitt'ring Toy.
Become a Courtier, he's another Thing,
He loves the Court, and quite adores his K—:
Its Meaſures he approves, its Cauſe defends,
And thoſe are now his Foes who were his Friends:
In his new Creed he's zealous, true, and hearty,
And from his Soul deteſts the Country Party:
He's well contented with his Deeds and Fame,
He's loſt his Honour, but he's gain'd—a Name.

Just ſo, with equal Skill, we ſaw of late,
Old Roger play this ſubtle Game of State;
Hence Wits will ſwear, and ſo 'tis ſaid by Fame,
Pomponius and old Roger are the ſame.

Next view Coranto. See him, like an Ape,
Play his Fool's Tricks, and ſhift his varying Shape:
One Moment talking of great Lords and Play'rs,
The next of Ladies, and of Dancing Bears.
See him, in all the Dignity of Wig,
One Inſtant praiſe a Book, the next, a Jig.
His lighter Head ſtill quarrels with his Heels,
And his Tongue utters what his Heart ne'er feels.

Who now could think this ſhallow-pated Beau,
A Thing diſh'd out, and only fit for Show,
Should of the leaſt Importance be eſteem'd?
But Wealth is Worth, and Briſkneſs Wit is deem'd;
So that Coranto's vouch'd, with one Accord,
A Man of Merit, and is made a Lord.

See too old Gripus, whoſe mean, ſordid Soul
Nor Reaſon ſways, nor Conſcience can controul.

Attach'd to no one; wedded to his Self,
He ſtrives to cozen all, but moſt Himſelf.
E'en with the Wants of Nature he'll diſpenſe,
To raiſe his Heaps, and Shillings form of Pence.
On a Pig's-foot, or on Cow-heel he'll dine,
He drinks no Ale, nor knows the Price of Wine;
And, ſince Proviſions are ſo very dear,
He'll even mix pure Water with ſmall Beer:
Nay, Truth reports, his Mind's ſo very low,
The Price of Porter GRIPUS does not know.
As for his Slaves, 'tis Luxury to eat,
When half-ſtarv'd Servants feed on half-ſtarv'd Meat.
All Things for Gain are lawful in his Sight,
He'll hang his Sons to get a Shilling by't;
Or, ſhould that Baſeneſs fail, he'll act another,
Rather than loſe a Doit he'llhang his Brother.
THESE are the Characters, my Friend, that thrive,
While Wit or Virtue ſcarce can keep alive.
Would you th' Abodes of Wit and Virtue ſee?
Come then, and take a ſerious Walk with me.

Lo! in this Garret Geniús hangs his Head,
Drooping, like Roſes when their Beauty's fled.
A tatter'd Night-gown here, and Stockings there,
Soal'd Shoes, brown Beaver, and a Coat quite bare,
Salute thy Eyes. The Shirtleſs Owner ſtands
Waſhing his Neckcloth with no ign'rant Hands;
And oft he's forc'd, compell'd by pow'rful Fear,
To feign a Sickneſs when he can't appear.
But, ſince 'tis needful for a Bard to eat,
And there are now no Patrons 'mong the Great,
To venal Bookſellers his Pow'rs he pawns,
And writes, compiles, tranſlates, corrects and fawns.
Gods! that a lib'ral Soul can ever dare
To ſtoop ſo low, or be a Slave to Fear!
" To cringe, to flatter, and to bend the Knee
" To thoſe who, Slaves to all, are Slaves to me!"
T' obey the Beck, and ſerve the Turns of thoſe
Whom Wit and Learning deem their greateſt Foes!
When my free Soul deſcends to be a Slave
To ſome Baſhaw, or paltry, groveling Knave;

When.

Whene'er I ſtoop to act a ſervile Part
To my Inferiors in each lib'ral Art;
Whene'er I tremble at a Tradeſman's Frown,
May Heav'n in Vengeance hurl its Thunder down,
And blaſt the worthleſs and devoted Head
Of that baſe Wretch who'd ſell his Soul for Bread!
May Infamy and Hatred be my Lot!
May my Hands wither, and my Fingers rot!

Now too, ſurvey where Virtue is immur'd,
Her Charms all faded, and her Rays obſcur'd;
Yet ſtill ſhe looks majeſtic 'though in Tears,
And like a Monarch in Diſtreſs appears.
Behold her in the Marſhalſea now pine,
Beneath the Form of ſome upright Divine.
No ſordid Ways FAVONIUS would purſue,
No Patron flatter'd, and no Patron knew;
Would not betray, like JUDAS, with a Kiſs,
Nor ſell his SAVIOUR for a Benefice.
Virtue beheld him in each Action great,
And choſe his Boſom for her lov'd Retreat.

ALAS!

ALAS! FAVONIUS, couldſt thou hope to ſhine,
Or, like our Biſhops, think on Plate to dine?
(Thoſe Biſhops, who their utmoſt Wiſh ne'er balk'd,
Who proudly ride in State 'though JESUS walk'd!)
To Fortune's Temple couldſt thou hope to go,
When Fortune looks on Virtue as her Foe?
Virtue, ASTRÆA-like, muſt ſeek the Skies,
And quit thy Boſom, or thou'lt never riſe.
Ne'er think by her to Grandeur to be brought;
Our Biſhops know the Jade's not worth a Groat.

YET 'though the Muſe ſome Prelates dares to blame,
She knows ſome, worthy of the pureſt Fame;
Some great, good Men, whom true Religion fires,
Whom Honour warms, and Charity inſpires;
Whoſe ſpotleſs Souls fair Virtue, pleas'd, defends,
And Learning numbers with her chiefeſt Friends;
Who juſtly act on Nature's nobleſt Plan,
The Glory of its GOD, and Good of Man:
Such Characters we love becauſe they're rare,
And boaſt with Joy in CLONFERT and KILDARE.

Now caſt thy Eyes elſewhere. Behold how few
Are ſway'd by Honour, or to Conſcience true!
Lo! Int'reſt rules, the Empreſs of the World,
With Standard high advanc'd, and Flag unfurl'd:
Under her Banners ſee Mankind engage,
The Stateſman, Prieſt, 'Squire, Tradeſman, Wit, and Sage.
The ſcheming Stateſman, in Injuſtice bold,
Betrays his Country and his King for Gold.
The pamper'd Prieſt fawns, flatters, ſwears, and lies,
To gain his Soul's Delight, Pluralities.
The ſenſeleſs 'Squire, to gain an envied Seat,
Corrupts Electors, and adores the Great.
The tiny Tradeſman, in mean Knav'ry bred,
Will tell ten Lies to ſell one Skein of Thread.
The wily Wit Lampoons or Praiſe will write
On the ſame Man, to gain a Dinner by't.
The ſaint-like Sage, his dark Deſigns t'obtain,
Will make his Learning pander to his Gain.

How few, ſearch all our Stateſmen to a Man,
Who act, like TOWNSHEND, on fair Honour's Plan!
Endu'd with various Pow'rs to grace the Age,
And ſhine the Patriot, Soldier and the Sage!
Of Prieſts, how few their Thoughts to Goodneſs give,
Who preach like BAILY, or like BAILY live!
Of 'Squires, ſearch all HIBERNIA's Kingdom round,
Like gen'rous COBBE, how few are to be found!
Of Tradeſmen, e'en of greateſt Wealth and Name,
How few, like FAULKNER, merit well-earnt Fame!
Of Wits, how few to Worth and Truth are dear,
And are, like BROOKE, judicious and ſincere!
Of Sages, to whoſe Fame we Trophies raiſe,
How few, like LELAND, boaſt each good Man's Praiſe!
BUT let's ſurvey the clam'rous, wrangling Bar,
Where brawling Lawyers wage eternal War;
Where Impudence is ſeen, and Nonſenſe heard,
And Reputations bleed in ev'ry Word;
Where Tongue-pads will, for Hire, in *Munſter* Brogue,
Attack the good Man, and defend the Rogue;

Where

Where much is ſought for, yet but little won,
And the proud Victor is but laſt undone;
Where ſleepy Judges ſit with ſleepy Eyes,
And open'd Mouths to catch th' unwary Flies.

SHALL not the Muſe ſuch guilty Scenes expoſe,
'Though all the Knaves in Town become her Foes?
Shall ſhe not laſh this venal, lawleſs Trade,
'Though Villains threaten, and 'though Friends diſſuade?
She will, ſhe muſt: But, ſtill to Juſtice true,
'Though Vice ſhe hates, ſhe'll give to Worth its Due.
Hence, ANNALY, to thee ſhe joyful bows,
Since Honour ſits enthron'd upon thy Brows;
And thee, O learned TISDALL, muſt ſhe greet,
Whoſe Mind with ev'ry Virtue is replete.
Nor, while deep Judgment is with Wit combin'd,
And ſtricteſt Honour warms the gayeſt Mind,
Shalt thou, O HARWARD, want thy Debt of Praiſe,
But live at leaſt in one plain Poet's Lays.

THE female World too—but the Muſe declines
To ſpeak the leaſt ill Word of their pure Minds,

Where Truth and Virtue ever blooming ſit,
And Reaſon's Beams illumine Attic Wit;
Whoſe Beauty ſhines, and pretty Eyes ſtill roll,
To ſooth the Senſe, and captivate the Soul;
Whoſe boundleſs Pow'r e'en Hermits makes obey,
To hear with Joy, and gaze their Hearts away;
To ſigh, breathe ſhort in thoſe dear Charmers Sight,
And loſe their Senſe in Torrents of Delight.

All hail, ye Fair, of ſweet Hibernia's Iſle,
Whoſe Smiles the Pangs of Miſ'ry can beguile!
If e'er in Deed or Thought I dare offend
Againſt your Charms, or not your Cauſe defend
Againſt young Coxcombs, or their aged Sires,
May I ne'er know the Joys which Love inſpires!
May your fix'd Hatred be my wretched Lot,
My Mem'ry periſh, and my Name forgot!

Yet ſome few Foibles if the Fair poſſeſs,
Which ſomewhat leſſen their full Pow'r to bleſs;
If into low Purſuits they ſometimes run,
Let's kindly think they're Spots upon the Sun,

Which,

Which, ſpight of thoſe, extorts our utmoſt Praiſe,
Commands our Love, and warms us with its Rays.

But were the Sex as faulty as they ſeem
To thoſe who dare their Majeſty blaſpheme;
Had they ſuch feeble Heads and childiſh Minds,
Which their Foes charge, and the dull Stoic finds;
And were they deaf to fair Diſcretion's Call,
One Denny makes a full Amends for all.

And now ſurvey the Walks of common Life,
What view we there but Folly, Fraud, and Strife?
How eager each his Neighbour to deceive,
And Traps for fond Credulity to weave!
See Fools of Fortune hug inſidious Knaves,
And titled Scoundrels prove Corruption's Slaves.
See noble Gameſters all their Fortunes bet,
And, having loſt them, run the State in Debt.
See haughty Biſhops feaſt, with Thouſands clear,
And Curates ſtarve on twenty Pounds a Year.
See Magiſtrates the public Good forſake,
And only to their private Views awake.

See hungry Bards with Poverty who fight,
Who write to eat, and eat that they may write.
See Actors live from Hand to Mouth each Day,
And Debts contract they ne'er intend to pay.
See Critics, who each Author's Worth can tell,
And praiſe or cenſure, 'though they ſcarce can ſpell.
See ſtupid Pedagogues, thoſe wretched Elves,
Pretend to teach, that ſhould be taught themſelves.
See baſe Attorneys in Chican'ry ſhine,
And ſell their Clients for a Glaſs of Wine.
See vile Quack-Doctors, impudent and vain,
Deſtroy more Perſons than a long Campaign.
See Gamblers pluck fat Pigeons, cog the Die,
Play Booty, ſhuffle, cut, deal, ſwear, and lie.
See Pimps turn'd Regiſters, as each one knows,
Who get fine Does for Bucks, and Bucks for Does.
See thieviſh Auctioneers exert their Lungs,
And ſell bad Goods by Means of noiſy Tongues.
See flaunting Milleners their Dealers bite,
Whoſe Shop-Girls hem by Day, and ſtitch by Night.

See 'Prentices, their Luxury to fulfil,
Coax their fond Sires, and rob their Maſters' Till.
See beauiſh Shopmen cut a flaming Daſh,
And to ſupport it, ſink their Maſters' Caſh.
See Vintners, that they may in Grandeur dine,
Score double, and adulterate their Wine.
See Taylors, in Obedience to the Adage,
Caſt into Hell the Cloth and Stuff they cabbage.
See the mean Saleſmen of fam'd *Plunket-ſtreet*,
Drag in by Force, and dupe thoſe Fools they meet.
See Butchers ſell what died a nat'ral Death,
And blow unwholeſome Veal with tainted Breath.
See Conſtables and Thieves, Pimps, Whores, and Bawds,
Committing Robberies, and ſcheming Frauds;
And Watchmen, that they may their Harveſt reap,
Gladly aſſiſting, or——quite faſt aſleep.
SUCH is the Picture of theſe modern Times,
Compos'd of Follies, and replete with Crimes;
And ſuch Mens Zeal their Vices to maintain,
That Bards may write, and Parſons preach in vain.

No longer now Men tremble at their Nod,
But ſcorn their Counſel, as they ſcorn their God.

THEN think not, RIBTON, to reform ſuch Knaves,
Or make thoſe free, whom Vice has made mere Slaves.
Thy gen'rous Toil give o'er, thy Labours ceaſe,
Nor barter for a Seat, Reſt, Health, and Peace.
In letter'd Eaſe that calm Content enjoy,
Which Blockheads cannot taſte, nor Knaves deſtroy:
The Living ſhun, if thou'rt by Prudence led,
And hold thy Converſe with th' illuſtrious Dead.

BUT if Attachment for thy native Place,
Should prompt thy Soul its Int'reſt to embrace,
And thou'rt reſolv'd to prove thyſelf her Friend,
To raiſe her Glory, and her Rights defend,
And in the Senate ſhew thy ardent Zeal
For thy Conſtituents Good, and IRELAND's Weal;
To join with Heart and Hand thoſe worthy Few,
Who're independent, honeſt, wiſe, and true;
To run with ceaſeleſs Vigour Honour's Race,
And pluck the Viſor from the Villain's Face,
Go on and thrive, with Wiſdom by thy Side,
Virtue thy Shield, and PROVIDENCE thy Guide.

FINIS.

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